

So I sat alone

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Summary: What if you were cloned from the strongest being in the world? What would you do if your life was a lie? Would you try and be happy, or would you run from it all?

So I sat alone

"Why does he always ignore me! When is my training with the ohh so great MC supposed to start! And why the hell am I still sick! Why does Father send you and that fucker every day to tell me that I can't go see him!" a short haired, which are black, navy eyed young lady yelled to one of the marines at her door.

The marine stood and sighed in the lady's quarters door. "I am only a messenger, Miss!" he replied, as he always did when she would get angry with her father. The two soldiers unknown to what to do now simply stood and watched as the lady's anger built.

She turned her back to them and whispered between gritted teeth "Dismissed". She walked away from the entrance of her quarters, the door closing behind her. She sat on her bed and sigh. Once more, she had nothing to do. All she could do was train, eat and sleep, no drinking allowed, only the new medication her father's lover brings.

"Miss Katra?" she heard from the intercom.

"Yes, it is I.. What do you want?" she answered walking towards the box in the wall.

"You have been asked to join the Masterchief in his training quarters" stated the feminin voice. "It is an order from your father, you have no choise" Katra growled. "Your father sent someone to bring you to the Chief's training quarters."

"Fine!" she grunted. The girl walked towards her quarters entrance. The navy eyes youngster sat on a chair near the entrance door. She

expected the weak guard that used to train her to appear in the doorway soon, and yet nothing came.

Katra fell asleep on that chair. She hasn't moved for a few hours, the marine never arriving to her quarters.

He still had not understood how it worked, "How were the flood freed in the first place?" asked a man wearing a Brown Mjolnir.

Another young man was there to answer his questions, "Fuck Damien! Do you ever listen to what I say! I just told you what John did, I told you how the Halo's work and I told you about the floods and forerunners! Are you paying attention!" he angered. This young man wore a White Mjolnir.

After a few hours of explanation, the young man with the White Mjolnir got the point through the other man.

"Explaining what happened to the new Spartan?" repeated the Masterchief.

The black haired captain sighed, "Yes, haven't you heard? We found another Spartan unconscious in the forerunner ship."

The chief sigh with the thought of having yet again another Spartan involved. After a few minutes of questioning he walked out of the room, walking towards a dark hall.

Sleeping was mostly her only activity lately, it didn't take her long to awake from that slumber. Fear in her eyes, she believed she had missed the sent to bring her to John.

"No! No! No!" she stood on her feet and ran out in the hall of the ship. "I couldn't have missed this! It as my only-" her words were cut short once she reached a corner and bumped into her gawd himself.

"Teaching the past events to a new Spartan" asked the lady's father.

"Yes, we found one in the same forerunner ship as the last one" answered Miranda.

He walked past her, in the command center and called in the intercom.

After pressing the button a voice came from the box "Yes?" it said.

"Connect me to the Masterchief"

"Damien, now that you have fully understood, can you repeat to me the name of our Masterchief?" asked one of two young man. His hair were long and of a darkish brown. His eyes were the same navy color as our young Katra.

The other spartan, Damien, had black shortish hair. He was taller then the White Spartan, who was simply short. "I believe his name would be-" he was cut as they heard a female scream.

The two spartans looked at each other and ran towards the noise. They were surprised when they saw their Masterchief helping a young lady stand.

"His name is John!" answered Damien.

The white spartan smack Damien upside the head, "Moron!" he called out.

John and Katra looked at the two arriving spartans. John was the first to speak, "My name is John, you may adress to me as your Masterchief, " he paused and looked at Katra, " you must be my recrute, I cannot have the meeting with you just now, "he turned to the other two guys, "May I have a word with you two?" he questionned.

The brown spartan and his companion looked at their chief then at eachother.

"Now!" ordered the Masterchief. He turned and left, the two following him, leaving Katra all by herself.

She humphed and turn towards her quarters, "Just like my gawd damned father! I hate men!" she yelled.

"Chief! I need you to get my daughter and the two new spartan's! Make sure to be in my office with them in less then 10 minutes!" he said in the intercom.

"Yes sir" was heard from it.

The man then walk out to reach his office. After a few steps he walked right in his wife, "Hello gorgeous!" he said kissing her on her forehead, "I can't talk, I got a meeting."

She grabbed his hand, "Listen, I can't take it anymore! You have to heal Katra, she is getting worse, the medication you give to her isn't helping!" she growled, "Her training with the MC, which didn't even begin yet, is gonna be useless if she can't even be propely healthy."

He pulled her face close to his and stared at her in the eyes deeply, "If you become a bitch and a nuisance to me, I can make sure to get you out of my way. I love you alot, but nothing will stop me, understood?"

The whole ship turned black, the lights had went out. Masterchief pulled the other 3 spartan near him.

'Great, first I'm obligated to see my father and now this' bitched Katra in her mind.

The masterchief placed them in a corner. He turned his light on and took a Shotgun.

Katra laughed, 'Guns can appear anywhere with the MC.'

John looked at the three and blinded them with his light, "Not a word" he whispered. He turned his back on them.

Damien and, the other spartan, looked at each other. They were both afraid, without their Mjolnir, they were defenseless without the chief. "Trunkal, I'm scared" whimpered Damien.

Katra on the other hand was mad, "Fuck! I ain't gonna sit around all day!" she said walking off, towards her quarters.

The chief grabbed her arm, "Spartan 118! You are not to leave this place!" he ordered. He was astonished when she growled at him.

"Fuck you, I'll take care of myself!" she tore her hand out of his grip and walked away. She heard him run after her, she stopped.

He handed the shotgun to her, "Come back with your own and their Mjolnir" he stated.

She turned and nodded.

"Miranda! We believe we have approached the planet too close, the flood are doing this!" called out one of the men.

Miranda turned to him, "No, it isn't the flood.. Something else is eating the ship" she stated. They all turn towards her questioning about what to do next, she smiled hopelessly. "Land on the planet, we have no other choice!"

"That's suicide!" called out Thales, the second in command. "Miranda, shouldn't we find the Spartans and talk with the professor first?" he asked.

Miranda frowned, "My ship! My rules! I won't sacrifice any of you! Land now!" she ordered.

"Trunkal, Damien, I want you both to stay close behind me" said John as he led them towards the direction Katra had taken.

The shortest of the two newbies stopped in his tracks, "What happened to the Spartan 118, she hasn't returned yet!" he asked with concern.

John smiled, "Don't worry about her, she's fine." He answered.

"Stupid men!" she growled, she hated the dark and normally blames anything on men, Spartan or not. She reached her quarters, quite happy to see the knob that would lead her in her room. "About time!" she stated. She walked in and felt a presence, she thought it could have been that she was paranoid, she simply ignored her own instinct and walked in the room she kept her Mjolnir and any equipment she owned. Her medication were kept here also.

She sat on a chair, pulled a lever that made a big glass door move, opening access to her armor. She also opened the fridge beside her and took out a bottle with a yellowish liquid product in it. She drank it down in one gulp and made a disgusted face. Katra then stood and put on her Mjolnir, she turned her light on and took a few grenades and bullets for her shotgun, she also took two more guns.

She walked out of her room. The three guys turned a corner at the end

of the hall she was standing in front of. She smiled and waved, "You guys couldn't live without me!" she yelled and asked.

The masterchief looked at her, she wasn't looking quite the same as before. He was satisfied at what she looked like in a Mjolnir. It looked different, like the shape was fit for a woman.

Damien and Trunkal looked at her, they both didn't recognize her.

She walked towards them. "See, you always need a woman in a team!" she said happily. She noticed the Chiefs reaction.

He backed away, "Don't move!" he called out to Katra, who stiffened, he noticed two arms wrapping around her.

The female Spartan didn't move. She calmed herself instead. A voice whispered words in her head. It was that thing behind her that was speaking.

It was telling her about herself. Not to trust the MC, not to believe her father. It was speaking in her mind, 'I swear, please, listen to me. Your whole life is a lie!' it cried in her mind.

The Masterchief couldn't quite see what it was, but he knew it wouldn't attack. If it wanted to, it would've spoken it's threath or made it's first move.

"Why?" asked Katra to the voice in her mind. She couldn't see anything, she was lost in the voice and in her mind.

The three Spartan were afraid, especially Damien and Trunkal. They had no idea how to react at any situation. The chief took a step.

Katra then came back to herself and looked straight in his eyes. She ran to him and held him in her arms. She was sobbing in her Mjolnir, wetting the whole surface.

She was pushed back when John pulled himself out of the hug. He took her helmet off, and pulled her back to him.

She cried on his Mjolnir instead.

The whole ship shook as they landed on the planet.

"Thales, I'm starting to doubt my choice" whispered Miranda as she saw all kind of Covenant and even unknown beasts, through the huge window that helped them all controlling the ship. She took a step and placed her finger on the glass.

Her second in command didn't even look at her when he saw the whole armada. "I don't think so Captain."

The four Spartan were astonished at the sight they had of outside. Even if they were four Spartan's they can't kill a whole country of Covenant.

"Spartan 117 and Spartan 118 are asked to the control room. I repeat, Spartan 117 and Spartan 118 are asked to the control room."

Katra looked at the chief, she was afraid.

The chief pulled her to him, "We'll win!" he said in a reassuring voice.

They both walked away leaving the two other Spartans there.

"The truth! The truth! Listen to me Katra! Katra 118! Please, let me speak to you! I know the truth!" yelled a figure in a black room.

Katra lifted her head, she heard a faint whisper in her mind. She shrugged it off and frowned, preparing herself for what was to happen next.

'Remember..' it said. "Remember?" she repeated. She looked at her masterchief to then see nothing but darkness as it took over her. She looked straight in the eyes of the carrier of the voice, "Remember what?"

MouHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! I can't believe I twisted this in all kinds of shapes! I started with a plot... and I'll never get to it this way... Too Bad! I'm sure it'll be readable anyways!

I love you all that read my stories even if I have a bad Rep! Thanks for the second chance! I won't let you down...

Ana, the MCLover...

End
file.